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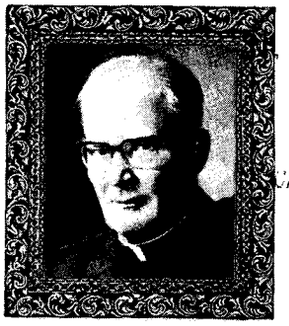
commonweal

MAYDAY FOR AMERICA
MOBILIZING THE OUTRAGE
ROBERT McAFEE BROWN



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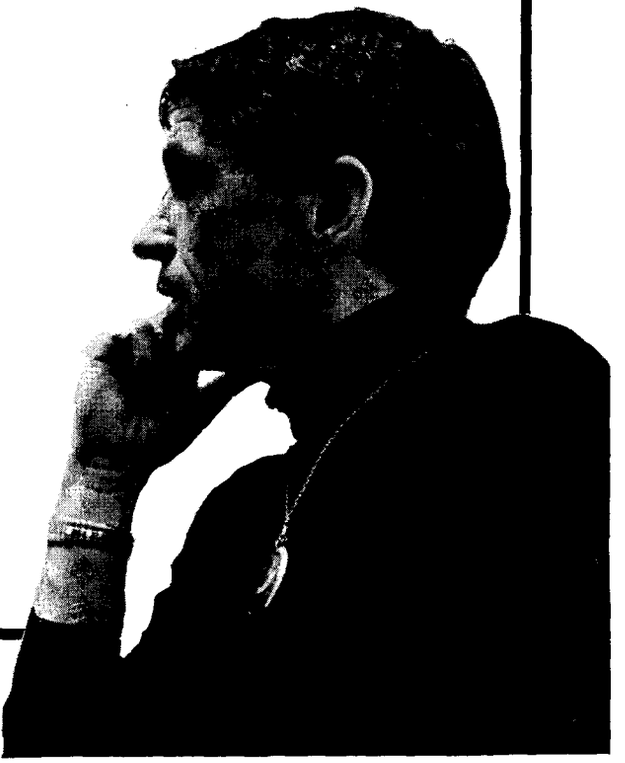
DANIEL BERRIGAN
NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND
OR, I WAS A FUGITIVE FROM THE F.B.I.



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NEWS & VIEWS

St. Gregory's Revisited

The heat is still on St. Gregory's, the parish whose rectory closet yielded up Phil Berrigan and Dave Eberhart to the FBI.

The lay administrator of the parish was subpoenaed by a Federal Grand Jury to answer questions that he conspired to commit a Federal offense (harboring a criminal); Mike Drohan pleaded the First and Fifth Amendments, plus clergy privilege.

And Father Harry Browne very likely will have been subpoenaed by the time this is in print.

Browne, St. Gregory's pastor (or, as he calls himself, "the senior associate"), is wonderfully relaxed about the whole business, featuring recently in the parish bulletin an open pastoral letter to the Attorney General.

"Dear Mr. Mitchell," he wrote: "Please believe me, no one here at St. Gregory's knows the whereabouts of our beloved brother, Father Daniel Berrigan, and we are not impressed or overly frightened by the harassment from your trench-coated junior accountants.

"Might I suggest that the hundred FBI agents who surrounded our church on the evening of April 21 and whatever number is still engaged on your ego-injured 'conspiracy' case would be better employed (even for the sake of their morale) on Swiss Bank account cases, on the thieving of big business, and on the really destructive conspiracy which allows heroin to flood our city.

"Yours in the law of love . . ."

Swinging material for a parish bulletin, but typical of St. Gregory's fare.

That same bulletin reproduced a letter from a Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burkhart to the Internal Revenue Service announcing the withholding of their income tax surcharge.

"Since we cannot willingly give this money in support of an illegal war," their letter read, "we have decided to . . . send the sum of our surcharge to St. Gregory's parish at 144 West 90th Street, New York City."

The letter itemized community problems with which the parish is grappling, and affirmed a preference to support these rather than a law which violates moral and constitutional law.

The Burkhart action is not unique, but getting that action publicized in a Catholic parish bulletin—well, if that's not unique, it's damn unusual.

The Burkharts, incidentally, disown any wish "to do our alms before men." They feel, simply, that all protest to the war should be made as noisily and publicly as possible.

Full marks for the Burkharts . . . and St. Gregory's.

Onward, Christian

It seemed a perverse joke, but no; Religious Heritage of America, an organization "dedicated to preserving America's Judeo-Christian heritage," has indeed named Richard Nixon as "Churchman of the Year."

Nixon was cited for "creating an atmosphere for a return to the spiritual, moral and ethical values of the Founding Fathers."

You hardly know whether to laugh or to cry.

The announcement arrived on the Monday following the weekend that Nixon spent behind a barricade of buses ringing the White House, while beyond tens of thousands protested the lack of spiritual, moral and ethical values which enabled him to wage domestic and foreign wars.

Partial Rectification

The three black student leaders at San Fernando Valley State College, scandalously sentenced to prison terms of 1-to-25 years for their part in the Nov. 4, 1968, sit-in at the college, were released from jail April 24. They served less than three months.

Judge George C. Dell, who took over the case after the formal retirement of sentencing Judge Brandler, reduced the students' sentence to five-years' probation. He acted on recommendation of the California State Department of Corrections that the students did not belong in prison.

Local attorneys, according to Professor Sheldon Harris of Valley State, believe Judge Dell's decision is unusual. They also believe the recommendation of the Department of Corrections to be unprecedented.

Los Angeles County District Attorney Eville Younger, running for state attorney general on a strong law-and-order platform, angrily condemned Dell's action and asked for a rehearing where he could argue for returning the students to prison. Arguments were heard May 5.

Judge Dell refused to reverse his decision, and in a calculated slap at both Younger and Brandler, Dell opined that every Superior Court judge reading the Corrections' Department report would have freed the students.

Attorneys for the three students are proceeding now with an appeal to a higher court to have the original convictions overturned. They intend to clear completely the students' records.

The Finale, Almost

The media was there in force, including TV, and it seemed a perfect opportunity for a governor who was also running for reelection to say something meaningful about the campus witness.

But Nelson Rockefeller—who was signing an act to provide annuity benefits to a CCNY professor unjustly fired in 1933 for rallying student protest against the rise of fascism in Europe—said nothing.

Rockefeller treated Dr. Arthur Kraus, the act's beneficiary, as more quaint than significant. He shook hands with Kraus' friends, then turned to aides to discuss a Washington visitation.

Kraus' moment in the sun was hurried and brief.

Now Kraus goes to City Hall to barter about money. It should be the last humiliating step in a humiliating experience which has dragged on for 37 years, and in the resolution of which *Commonweal* has been involved editorially since 1935.

JOHN DEEDY

DC Gazette/LNS (Apologies to Schulz)

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CORRESPONDENCE

Christological Debates

Lancaster, Pa.

To the Editors: Albert Schlitzer's review of *Humiliation and Celebration* [April 17] moves me to drop you a line. After the very perceptive analyses to which this Protestant author has been subjected in other Catholic periodicals, I was taken aback by Father Schlitzer's comments. They apply more to the radical positions I was criticizing than to the post-radical book I tried to write.

Thus, one learns that Fackre says "the church is an association of men working democratically toward the betterment of mankind." That is precisely the reductionism with which the last third of the volume takes issue. I think Father Schlitzer saw red when I criticized the use of the "mother" image, for he seems to attribute to me a death of mother ecclesiology. I no more espouse that than a death of God theology. The point is we need new understandings of both fatherhood and motherhood. The divine love whose presence in the church makes her eminently more than "an association of men" does not encourage dependency in children. Mother church, like Father God, wants offspring grown up into Christ. Where that kind of maturity happens, the divine parenthood has left its mark. The celebration theme that pervades the book is about that kind of nurture and growth.

My struggle to use the resources of the mystical tradition (the love of God for his own sake rather than the use of God to solve secular problems) is an awkward attempt to come to terms with man's coming of age. But to describe it as "too much secularized" is a puzzler indeed. My guess is that Augustine and Bernard of Clairvaux scratched their heads over that one too.

We appear to be reliving the Christological debates of the early centuries in the context of secularization. The radical options in theology, morality, and mission censor the divine dimension as

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MORE VIOLENCE, MORE DEATHS

For years Americans have been warned that they were drifting into an apartheid society, and in so many ways the slayings at Augusta, Georgia, and Jackson, Mississippi, indicate how close the nation is to that fateful condition. It is not the deaths alone which testify to the drift; it is, more specifically, the response of the general populace, the inability of the nation to feel outrage when blacks die at the hands of the white establishment.

The events in Augusta and Jackson were, in each instance, markedly different from the deaths of the four white students at Kent State, so the responses could not be expected to be exactly comparative. Still, the calm with which the Augusta and Jackson deaths were received across the nation was unnerving. The White House, for instance, reacting substantively only to the deaths at Jackson, expressed regret and counseled Attorney General Mitchell to meet with Jackson officials while he was in Mississippi on a lecture engagement. It was a significant gesture, but essentially one-dimensional. And it stood in marked contrast to the response to the Augusta deaths; they drew a perfunctory concern. The Augusta dead numbered six, all shot through the back. But theirs was not the distinction of being students at a time when the student generation is to be placated.

The easy explanation for what happened in Augusta and Jackson is that the "new South" of Administration oratory is still the "old South" of burning crosses and lynching parties. The reasoning is much too facile; it cannot explain the indifferent response to the deaths, nor does it account satisfactorily for the actions of the law-enforcement agencies involved. The explanation must go deeper—in the case of public response, to that something in the American psyche which produces separate and unequal reflex sympathies when color enters the equation; in the case of police reaction, to that something in the mechanism of Americans which seizes upon violence as the quick curative for whatever allegedly threatens the code of public values. In the South, this impulse expresses itself most commonly in violence against blacks. But domestic violence is no regional phenomenon. The Boston police riot of May 11, the Chicago police "shoot-in" of the Panthers, and the complicity of the New York police in the vigilante tactics of construction workers are aspects of the same residual instinct to settle problems of country and community with a raging force.

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The situation, in sum, is what makes the more lamentable the filing away of the report of the Presidential Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. The Commission grappled for 18 months with the whys of violence in America, completing its work last December. Not only is the 12-volume report collecting dust in some Washington bureau, but the solitary figure dedicated to the report's application has trouble getting a hearing for the report's conclusion that the violence eroding America is directly related to the priorities of the nation and the predispositions of the citizenry. The figure alluded to is John W. Gardner, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and presently chairman of the Urban Coalition. The Illinois Constitutional Convention recently scratched a talk by Gardner, because to reflect on the disintegrative forces which threaten American society is suddenly to "take sides"; to seek to do so in the context of a constitutional convention having to do with rights and freedom and human dignity is to incur rebuff.

It is a common fate of governmental reports, that many are filed and forgotten. But no one should settle for such a fate for the report of the Commission on Violence. It is not to exaggerate to suggest that the country's future may be bound up with that report's study and implementation, for the fundamental thrust of the report becomes more indisputable by the day: that the graver threats to America are internal, not external, and to neglect the issues which agitate domestic unrest, including racial discrimination and student alienation, is to court the disintegration of the nation.

That proposition is not likely to be faced enthusiastically by an Administration which is fighting a foreign war and professing openly an intention to be policeman to much of the world. But if the events of Augusta and Jackson, of Kent, Chicago and Boston, tell the country anything, it is that the proposition cannot be ducked. The bald fact is that America gains nothing if the violence adopted to tame the world exacerbates violence at home. By the same token, America loses when the tasks of foreign policy fester the domestic problems which cause the unrest and result in the violence that divides Americans further as a people. The report of the Commission on Violence could rescue the nation from much of what seems foreboded. But it needs activation. Will Augusta and Jackson *et al.* help in this regard? If they do not, midnight may be upon the nation.

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* will again appear on alternate weeks during the summer months. Forthcoming issues will be dated June 12, June 26, July 10, July 24, August 7, August 21, September 4 and September 18. From then on we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

Labor Loses A Leader

"Well, I see that the redhead got it," said the Ford worker on a Sunday morning shift at the River Rouge plant assembly line in Dearborn. "Yeah," replied the other man, "but did you see how he went? In a private Lear jet coming in for a landing. Man, he had style right to the end."

Some of the others, who were not of their generation, unashamedly wept. He was the kind of man who could bring honest tears. Or anger and cool contempt. And even those who had no use for ideas or ideologies recognized a sense of achievement in his name.

Walter Reuther was one of those public figures who would always be contrasted with his adversaries and his enemies, and invariably one of the verdicts would be that, indeed, he did have style. Considering the string of industry antagonists and later the cigar-chomping, crotchety old plumber who frustrated and aborted so many of his plans in the last decade of his life, it was a comparison of style not unlike that between John Kennedy and Richard Nixon.

Those who knew him well and who had worked with him in the CIO days of the early '50s later would acknowledge that he was just as much an establishment man as his AFL rival, George Meany. There was the generational gap, but like the Kennedys, Walter represented to many within labor's ranks of middle managers and technicians and local union officers the hope of change and the dynamics of a situation politics unfrozen from old concepts. Perhaps most of all, he recognized that new battles would be fought in which his own blue-collar workers might well be in the rear guard.

He knew this to be a very real possibility even in his own United Auto Workers, for love-it-or-leave-it union members are found in other than AFL-CIO affiliates. The measure of the Reuther contribution was that as a leader, he led, and did not wet his finger to the breeze of middle-class discontent within the ranks. So it was in 1963 when he broke with Meany on support of the first historic March on Washington, and led the labor ranks (while many of the other International Union headquarters in the capital told their employees to go home in fear of riot).

And so it was on the Thursday before he died in the plane crash, when in the name of his 1.6-million members he issued a statement condemning the Nixon-ordered invasion of Cambodia. "At no time in the history of our free society have so many troops been sent to so many campuses to suppress the voice of protest by so many Americans," Reuther wired the White House. George Meany, who had been accorded a mili-

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tary briefing, had sent his message within hours of the President's Cambodian speech. Nixon had acted "with courage and conviction . . . in this crucial hour . . . and certainly has our full support," Meany declared.

It was, then, more than just style. Reuther had a rhetoric of reason which tended to disarm his internal enemies, and they ranged from Wallaceites to Birchers to old-left types. Meany issued a one-paragraph declaration, without consulting his 35-member executive council, allowing that this was the voice for 14-million workers. And union stewards for the construction trades winked when they programmed their own sort of lead-pipe violence, wrapped in the flag and with full knowledge that there would be no reprisals after their mob action on Wall Street the Friday of the week which began at Kent State. Many union members shook their heads again as their sons and daughters departed for Washington, and in their private agony perhaps they too wondered who spoke for labor in that terrible week which was to be Walter Reuther's last.

Because he was a pragmatist and a politician foremost, Reuther was not without the moral compromises which make him less in the eyes of those who seek only infallible leaders. It was Paul Schrade, his West Coast director who took several of the bullets in the assassination of Robert Kennedy, who would confront his leader at the 1968 Democratic National Convention—to tell Reuther that Hubert Humphrey would be hawk all the way, and that his nomination meant disaster. The UAW caucus went HHH. And in the interminable Reuther literature of social conscience and concern, one will never find any criticism of the safety standards of the automobile which his members produced.

Yet what he did do may well have been the only salvation of an atrophic movement growing comfortable and conservative. In the three years that he headed the CIO and the dozen that he vegetated as first among equals in the house of bishops of the rope-of-sand AFL-CIO, Reuther was an opening to the left, to the intellectuals, the civil rights people and those who questioned the bipartisan cold warriors. His Industrial Union Department, a catch-all for the CIO unions within the craft-dominated federation, became the "liberal" wing of organized labor. If Jay Lovestone was sending operatives to Africa and South America to preserve the status quo, then the IUD would at least give verbal support to those who fought military take-overs. If George Meany endorsed HUAC or the Senate witch-hunters, the IUD would sign the right statements of concern and coalitions of conscience.

If union involvement in low-cost housing was needed, then the UAW was involved. If hard-core unemployed training programs had to be initiated, then Reuther would be there. And if national health insurance is to come to America in this decade, it may well be a result of two decades of hard talk and convincing by the stormy petrel from Detroit. His critics would charge that there was more rhetoric than action, but from the one inevitably came the other. His Alliance for Labor Action, not yet a year old, may abort because he is removed from the scene, but it too provided a needed bone in the throat of those who were supposed to have organized the unorganized in the South.

After the proper respect, the corporate executives from Detroit will explore every avenue of dissent within the giant union to break open the discontent that always remains hidden when a dynamic leader holds sway. And the crucial negotiations with the auto big three only two months away will reflect his absence. The old CIO leaders, who sat silent for the past decade while Meany adjourned for the gin games and the track schedule on Florida's gold coast, sat at Walter's funeral, and must have known to a man why the '30s were the years to remember and to invoke.

Of the CIO merger with the craft unions, and its aftermath, Murray Kempton would say: "no active spirit of the time could have believed that men this trivial could wear out rivals this serious . . . yet the side which was indifferent to history ended up absorbing the side which felt itself marching with history." This was Walter Reuther's agony. His ability to feel the pulse of change and to fuse change with the union he was able to manage was in part his glory; that he would influence many others beyond the parochialism of the trade unions would be his satisfaction.

And who was marching with history in the week of Kent State, of the hard hats with their lead pipes on Wall Street, of a President forced to a press conference because of student outrage, of another march on Washington? For there is evidence that Walter Reuther had not only style, but history on his side when he died as that week ended.

JOE HILL

(Joe Hill is the pseudonym of a journalist who specializes in labor affairs.)

$13,818 TO GO!

By May 15 some 3,641 subscribers had sent in $32,182 toward the $46,000 required to assure *Commonweal*'s continued publication. This includes the first responses to the May 5 subscriber's letter—which became necessary because the crippling mail strike stopped the campaign cold. As a realizable $13,818 is the sum needed to bring the campaign to a successful conclusion, we urge subscribers and library readers who have not yet participated to send their contributions, large or small, to Commonweal Continuation Fund, 232 Madison Ave., New York 10016 at their earliest convenience.

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Mr. Dooley in Peace and War

(With apologies to Finley Peter Dunne.)

"Well sir," said Mr. Dooley, "did ye r-read iv Mr. Hinry Kissing'r's sinsational milit'ry rivalaytion?"

"I did not," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Twas wan iv th' great comic momints iv modhrin histhory, Hinnissy. Th' Prisidint was likchoorin' th' Senate Foreign Relations fellows on th' indiscribable wisd'm iv slippin' twinty thousand sojers into Cambodya to capture all th' inimy's tunnels an' take 'im prison'r. Suddenly up jumps wan Senator Pell, his face cov'red with impudence. 'Mr. Prisidint,' he says, 'if it's thrue ye have or-rdhered on'y a size two foreign invasion,' he says, 'mint on'y to capture th' inimy's supplies iv mickyoorochrome,' he says, 'an' annihilate a few villages with chocylate bars,' he says, 'how come 'tis named Op'ration Tootle Victhory?'

" 'That's a good question,' says th' Prisidint, 'f'r a lily-livired coward. An' I want to make wan thing clear,' he says. ' 'Tis an issintial part iv our Veetnamization program to turn th' namin' of op'rations ov'r to our thr-rusty allies, Gin'ral Chew an' Gin'ral Key,' he says. 'Now 'twas thim that chose th' catchy but inscrutable phrase Op'ration Tootle Victhory.'

" 'Twas at that viry momint, Hinnissy, that Kissing'r made th' blundher. 'Ye'r-right,' he says to th' Prisidint, tryin' to be as helpful as Pat Maynihan an' Wally Hickel. 'In fact,' he says, 'Gin'rals Chew and Key give all thir op'rations that title. This is Op'ration Tootle Victhory Number *For-rty Thr-ree.*'

"Th' Senators laughed, but th' Prisidint, poor man, bur-rdhened be his lonely constitootional dooty iv invadin' oth'r counthries, he put a grave look on his gin'rally cheerful features an' sint Hinry out to talk with th' studint anarchists about football scores.

"Well, Hinnissy, Mr. Kissing'r's r-remark starthed me to thinkin' an' wondhrin'. 'Twas Op-ration Tootle Victhory Number For-rty Thr-ree, eh? Thin what, I ast mesilf, happined to Tootle Victhories Numbers Wan through For-rty Two? Th' iffete, lib'ral pa-apers bin cov'rin' up, I begin to suspect.

"An' so they have. Hardly a wur-rud, f'r example, was breathed about Op'ration Tootle Victhory Number For-rty Two—whin sivin thousan' South Veetnamese thr-roops, aided an' abetted be Amurrican advisors, siv'ral B-52s an' a fleet iv planes givin' air cover, captured th' First Boodhist Timple iv Saigon. Tin skinny monks who were spr-readin' R-red Commynism throughout Southeast Asyia be sittin' in thir paygoda an' starvin' thimsilves were promptly shot. An' excipt f'r a rig'mint or so bombed be our own planes, scarcely a br-rave la-ad on th' side iv justice was injoored. Did ye r-read about it in th' pa-apers?

"An' they bin keeping pr-ritty quiet about Tootle Victhory Number For-rty Wan whin Gin-ral Chew invistigated th' massacre at Mylai. Aft'r singlehand'dly considherin' th' ividence f'r twenty minyutes, he stood up an' 'Gintlemen,' he says, 'th' easy thing f'r me to do, th' popul'r thing,' he says, 'wud be to declare these here massacres th' wur-ruk iv th' Amerricun sojers,' he says. 'But I will not do it,' he says, 'even 'twere it to make me a wan ter-rum Prisidint. These killin's,' he says, 'were indisputably th' wur-ruk iv th' R-red Chineese terrorists who have shot up a whole village iv Amurrican Gee-Ayes undher th' age iv six.' An' f'r that br-rave stand, Gin'ral Chew received th' applause iv th' intire Veetnamese people. 'Twas raycorded on tape, an' played f'r th' rayporters that aft'rnoon.

"Thin there was Tootle Victhories Numbers Twinty through Twinty Four-r. 'Twas whin the good Gin'ral Chew defeated th' gallant Gin'ral Key five matches out iv sivin on th' handball cour-rts at the Circle Sporteef in Saigon. 'I congratulate ye,' says our own Ambass'dor Bunker to Gen'ral Chew, 'ye ar-re now th' laygally ilicted, dimocraticilly chosen Prisidint iv th' people iv Veetnam,' he says. 'Ye c'n get ye'er card f'r th' PX at me office.' Gin'ral Key bein' dressed f'r war in a lavender flyin' suit with boots an' silk scarf be Cardin, Ambass'dor Bunker says, 'Ye c'n have a job at th' White House greetin' Harold Wilson.' 'No,' says Key, 'I wud rather stay here be th' side iv me chum Chew a cons'lation in his times iv throubles.'

"Hinnissy, th' lib'ral pr-ress is jus' not tellin' us th' whole sthor-ry. What about Op'rations Tootle Victhory Numbers Sixtayn through Ninetayn?"

"What were they?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Th' faymous hunt-an'-peck missions," said Mr. Dooley. "The R-red Commynists' hidquarters were succisiv'ly captured in th' Ir-ron Thriangle, th' Hope Diamond, th' Dupont Circle, an' th' People's Park. 'Tis why th' R-red Commynists had to flee to Combodya an' thin to Laos an' thin to Kent State an' Jackson. Gin'rals Chew an' Key'll be arrivin' inny day now."

"An' what were th' earlier Op'rations Tootle Victhory?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"They're lost in th' mists iv histhor-ry," said Mr. Dooley. "But don't ye worry, Hinnissy. Prisidint Nixon assures us they str-retch all th' way back to Dienbienphu."

PETER STEINFELS

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NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND; OR, I WAS A FUGITIVE FROM THE F.B.I.

Daniel Berrigan

May 7 marks exactly a month since I packed the small red bag I had bought in Hanoi, and set out from Cornell, looking for America. So far, it has been a tougher and longer voyage than the one which set me down in North Vietnam some two years before.

In the course of that month, I have changed domicile some six times; this in strict accord with a rule of the Jesuit Order, making us, at least in principle, vagabonds on mission; 'It is our vocation to travel to any place in the world where the greater glory of God and the need of the neighbor shall impel us.' Amen, brothers.

It may be time for a modest stock-taking. The gains sought by such felonious vagrancy as mine, are in the nature of things, modest to the point of imposing silence on the wise. The 'nature of things' being defined simply as: power. It is entirely possible that any hour of any day may bring an end to the game; the wrong chance meeting, a thoughtless word of a friend, a phone tip—the possibilities are without end. But one takes this for granted, and goes on, knowing that practically all of us are powerless, that the line dividing the worth of one's work from inertia and discouragement is thin indeed. (What manner of man today exudes confidence, moral spleen, righteousness, sense of messiahship at once cocksure, and dead serious? God, who grants us very little these days, at least keeps us from that.)

But what can I hope to accomplish, on the run as I am, having to improvise and skimp and risk being ridiculous, or plain two-cents wrong? How can I reject honored presumptions of conduct, like, "the good man is responsible for his actions"; he "pays up on demand." Or the older Socratic dictum: "one owes the state restitution for broken law, violated order?"

The method of Martin King, violation of local or state law and submitting to jail, had a great deal going for it; circumstances supported the principle. Being in jail was invariably an appeal to a higher jurisdiction. It brought the attention of national authorities to the fact of local or state violations; it brought pressures from above. Such a tactic, apart from its mystique, was in fact a calculated political act. It dramatized in the face of brutal local forces, purportedly of law and order, the captive state of virtuous men, at the mercy of lesser jurisdictions. And it seemed for awhile to pay off. Both Kennedy and Johnson professed to be moved by innocence under fire; they pledged themselves to amelioration, not merely in freeing demonstrators, but in bringing legal redress of widespread wrong.

Alas and alas, how could such a tactic apply to me and my friends? What superior jurisdiction would rush to action, on the occasion of our jailing? To whom could we appeal? To the International War Crimes Tribunal? To the United Nations? To the World Court? In our instance, straw men all; the United States has pushed them flat, along with the other superpowers. No, those of us who are willing to go to jail, must seek our analogies elsewhere than in the civil rights movement, if we were politically serious. (As indeed, Philip, David, John, Tom and Marjorie are, and will be heard from.)

But as far as national due process is concerned, the highest appeal courts duly swept aside the issues we tried to raise. That, of course, did not remove the issues; they grow hotter and more lethal every day. The war is mounting in fury. The Congress, the universities, the churches, bankers, workers, decent citizens of all stripes,

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FATHER DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J., *convicted for destroying draft records in Maryland, has refused to surrender to the authorities.*

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separately or in concert, are talking to stone-deaf power. For at least the past six months, when jail was becoming a nearer and larger threat, the students with whom I worked for three years, and for whom my decision seemed to be of some import, said to me time and again, with imploring; when they come for you, don't go in!

The festival at Cornell offered a delicious opportunity, too good to let pass. Some 10,000 students had come together for a post-Woodstock festival of arts, politics, communal living, all in honor of non-violence and Catonsville. Such a gathering, it seemed to me, must not be taken lying down, lost in wondering admiration. According to certain presumptions, mainly of university officials, (whose relief was guarded, oblique, but in the air) I was indeed going to jail. But those to whom I was responsible, in the church and the resistance, had other urgings, rarely expressed, often legible in faces and eyes. Would I be inventive on the night, open to other voices, other directions?

Irresistible. At 7:40 P.M. on Friday, April 17, I ended ten rustic days in hiding on the land, and entered the great Barton Hall, scene of last year's 48-hour live-in after the Black seizure of the student union. Scene, too, of ROTC reviews and maneuvers and confrontations; the only place on campus where gun toting is 'invisible' and legal to this day. I was decked out gorgeously, like an outer space insect, in big goggles, motorcycle helmet and jacket, surrounded by a troupe of students, variously hirsute, hippy, fierce and celebrational. Waskow was thundering away on stage, the Freedom Seder was in progress. The moment arrived when Elias the prophet is summoned, figure of providence for all those in legal jeopardy. Supposing that I qualified, I walked on stage.

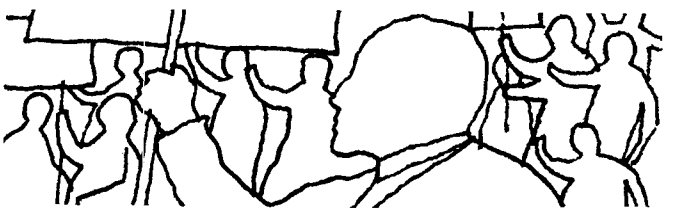
The next hour and a half were stormy indeed. I recall a sense of weightlessness, almost of dislocation; the throng of young faces, singing, dancing, eating, the calls of support and resistance. Much love, many embraces, the usual press of journalists. Then, in a quiet moment, a friend whispered; Do you want to split?

It was all I needed. Why not indeed split? Why concede, by hanging around, that wrong-headed power owned me? Why play mouse, even sacred mouse, to their cat game? Why turn this scene into yet another sanctuary, so often done before, only delaying the inevitable, the hunters always walking off with their prize?

When the lights lowered for a rock group, I slipped off back stage. Students helped lower around me an enormous puppet of one of the twelve apostles, in use shortly before by a mime group. Inside the burlap, I had only to hold a stick that kept the papier maché head aloft, and follow the others, making for a panel truck in which we were to pack the costumes. The puppets were pitched aboard; I climbed in, blind as a bat, sure of my radar, spoiling for fun. It was guerrilla theater, a delight, just short of slapstick. An FBI agent ran for the phone, our license plate was recorded, the chase was on. But our trusty van, hot with destiny, galloped for the woods, and we made it.

The rest is modest history, of sorts. My brother and David Eberhart were picked off in New York the following Tuesday amid a hue and cry worthy of bigger game. I settled in, here and there, for the short or long haul; resigned to the fate of harmless creatures, in the open hunting season of our society; neither hoof nor claw, only protective coloration. A kind of road runner, stopping here and there to gain breath and take soundings with friends, and then move on.

The first month has been an interesting experiment; the breaking of idols. That myth of omnicompetence, surrounds almost any large federal authority, a myth inflated despite all sorts of contrary available evidence; (the successive CIA fiascos in Southeast Asia and elsewhere, the wrong marines on the wrong beaches, the utter inability [a spiritual failure] to touch the sources of unrest at home). Was there something here to be dramatized? The FBI is quite possibly composed of



earnest, stern, honorable Romans. (I am always made to feel secure when meeting them, there are so many Catholics; even when they stoop to conquer, poking under beds for priests, they never forget their folklore; it is always; 'Are you there, Father Dan?'). FBI training, so the cruder movies tell us (we have little other information available) includes grueling hours spent over hot computers, fingerprint recorders, rifle ranges. The bureau undoubtedly has all the men and money required to track down public enemies like myself. There has not yet been a strike threat by the agents for salary emolument; nor has J. Edgar ever called agonized public attention to rusty six-shooters or empty saddles.

Grant them all that. Still I suggest my case offers interesting evidence of a striking failure of power, beginning with the FBI and extending even to Vietnam. It is a failure of overkill technology, of pacification, of search and destroy missions, of Vietnamization, of indiscriminate trampling of national boundaries.

I am prepared even, subject to acts of God, to set down a tentative principle, a kind of meta-temporal translation from the sayings of Chairman Jesus; 'Where the fish travel in schools, it is useless to work with even the most sophisticated reel. The only solution; metamorphose into a fish.' Also to our point, is a warning drawn from strict textual scrutiny of the New Testament. To wit, there is only the barest internal evidence that Luke 5, 10 ("Fear not, I shall make you fishers of men") has literal reference to the F.B.I.

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I could go on, but perhaps a point is made. A dizzying thought occurs to me, shaking my hand as I write. Could it be that your humble servant, without script or staff, might be an instrument for demythologizing Big Bro Justice? I like the idea, even as a voice reminds me it is fraught with presumption.

But in face of all that power, all that legitimacy, all those hunters and hounds—what can I count on when the chips are down?

Mr. Mitchell, it is reported, was recently presented with a shiny night stick by a local police department. It was inscribed: 'To the top cop.' He carried it home under his arm, grim with satisfaction. Now the head of the Justice Department has at his disposal, directly or through others, some hundreds of thousands of night sticks and assorted other hardware, goods and services, plus the hands itching to wield them on command. I contemplate all this vast panoply of power; and I am not shaken, any more than Buddha under his plane tree. For I have other armaments, resources and visions, of which Mr. Mitchell can know little. My friends, in the main. I number among them, for a start, professors, resisters, priests and nuns, some black Panthers, a deceased corpulent Pope (pregnant with a new world), many men and women at present serving time, Kurt Vonnegut, David Smith and his sculpture, Corita, my mother of 85 years (a woman of rare fiber and beauty), John of the Cross and his road map for a dark night, Paul Goodman (crotchety and visionary), the Vietnamese. I could go on, Mr. Mitchell, but you get the idea. From the swamps of Asia, from the American underground and jails and campuses a word goes forth; 'When the chips are down,' the little people ask 'Who are your friends?' And further; 'Who owns this land anyway?'

The question burns like a night flare. The night sticks come running. But the night sticks can do nothing; they do not signify. In the deepest sense (forever lost to top cops) they are ersatz; wooden limbs in place of living ones. They substitute woodenly and hardly at all, for lost friendship, lost communion, contemplatives and activists, for friends and countrymen and dreamers, open minds, closed mouths, the network of men and women who at need can be counted on to 'harbor, aid and abet,' and, as the saying goes, generally mother up the works and agents of power.

My being at large is thus related, in some quirky way I leave to others, to an infinitely more striking historical occurrence. That happening is evident by now to everyone in the world, except the President of the USA, his cabinet and chiefs of staff, J. Edgar and his sleuths, the CIA, the Daughters of the American Revolution and General Westmoreland. (The ultimate person named, recently addressed the penultimate ladies, in the following words: 'Our own revolution has ended the need for revolution forever.' Yes, perhaps.) The occurrence I refer to should nonetheless be stated, for benefit of us all. Simply, Vietnam cannot be defeated. I take the fact to heart, an article of human faith, constantly buttressed by news out of Asia and Washington. In public places and private, I cherish it, and smile and smile to myself, the delight of a man to whom sanity is surprise, gift, delight. Translated to my life and hard times, the fact means something; if our friends and I use our wits, our act is going to have a long, long run, on Broadway and beyond.

It's because we own the land. The night sticks of the chief cop are no apt substitute, given the real world, for organs, limbs, compassion, brain, historical sense, patience, courage, the non-violent resources of good friends. The top cop, even as he invents more and more electronic junk, censors, intercoms, copters, taps, bugs, computers *et al.*, becomes less and less able to be a man; spontaneous, free-spirited, humorous, spunky—liturgical. I think we can match him, by being some of these things, at least some of the time. I think as a result, we can liberate even top cops, causing them to commit what one ex-agent assured me was the most heinous of internal crimes; embarrassing the Bureau.

Finally, if they do run me down, I will claim a win anyway. I will go off to jail in better spirits than my captors.

But in any case, we own the land. You cannot (by analogy) make a bomber pilot or a military adviser or a search and destroy mission, or, God help us, an ignorant American private, into a guerrilla—for theater, for war or peace. None of these, nor the sum of their might, nor the full discharge of their ferocity, can claim to own the land. No one of them was born there, no one of them loves it there or has roots there. You cannot airlift or import or graft on, a substitute for the fact of birth, the genetic mystery of a love that is stronger than death. You cannot buy the people; their support, their trust. All who invade and murder and lay waste the land can only perform such 'operations' as we read of daily—ending where such mad surgery always ends—in extermination.

A clue for Americans. There are some of us who claim to own this land. We do not hold current lien or title or mortgage, or want to. We have no political power. Our claim is based finally on the strength of our intuitions—on a sense of history generally lost sight of, despised, or suppressed. To wit; man has an inalienable right, in Kent State as in SongMy, in resister's jail or resister's underground, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

That 'pursuit' is indeed something more than an honorable dead letter. Pursuit; a metaphor that draws blood; a chase, a hunt, an FBI-wanted list, jeopardy, dislocation, the poverty of man on the move. Those who pursue happiness must endure unhappiness, the dark night of resistance, doubt, delusion, nightmare; because they pursue decency and a human future, for the despised and expendable, the wretched of the earth.

The first month is over, the future is charged with surprise. Come, Holy Spirit.

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MAYDAY FOR AMERICA

Mobilizing the outraged

ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

Geneva

It is one week, as I write, since Mr. Nixon ordered the invasion of Cambodia. That week seems a lifetime, a lifetime of hopes no longer simply deferred but apparently destroyed, a lifetime of helpless rage with no effective instrument of expression at hand. I have had the "luxury" of distance, and it has been a terrible burden.

Is it conceivable that this liability could be transformed into a temporary asset? Perhaps so, if the distance could provide another perspective from that of the immediate participants. As I have watched, from 4000 miles away, a kaleidoscope of impressions has formed, that begins to fit together as follows:

1. The one straw of hope I have been able to hold onto has been the instant outrage of Americans at home. May Day was a holiday in Europe and few papers were available. My wife and I were able to watch the telex at the World Council of Churches headquarters, and read through about 16 hours of dispatches that had accumulated. Every story had the same report: Mr. Nixon was being challenged from every side. Although his speech put American foreign policy back where it was when Mr. Johnson first escalated in January, 1965, the American people were fortunately not back there with him. The suave rhetoric of the speech was being devastatingly dissected, not only by Congressional doves and Democrats, but by Congressional hawks and Republicans. One looked in vain for statements of ringing support even from Administration spokesmen. It is a measure of how serious things are, that one can report as "good news" the fact that a nation appears to be repudiating its leader.

2. It seems very clear, from a distance of 4000 miles, that *the battlefield is Washington.* A lot of devastation will take place in Cambodia but the real arena of conflict for the moment is not there. Nor is it in Peking, or Moscow, or the administrative offices of our universities. The real conflict is in Washington. And even if the invasion should turn out to be a temporary tactical success of short-run value to the army (not even the military give it the apocalyptic importance Mr. Nixon does), the way the decision was reached, and effected and rationalized can only appall us. One cannot simply speak of being "alarmed" when the President makes a virtually unilateral decision, consulting his military but not his Congress, violates the territory of a neutral nation without even informing that nation beforehand, does it in a way that Congressional leaders describe as "unconstitutional," and in doing so offers nothing by way of justification but the lame echoes of the long-discredited policies of his predecessor. One is not only alarmed, one is "terrified." Our immediate political problem is not to contain the Vietcong, but to contain Mr. Nixon. And that must be done in Washington.

3. Mr. Nixon's international miscalculation is intensified by the even deeper blunder of his *domestic miscalculation.* Here I refer not only to the response of the Senate, but to the response of the students. They were double-crossed by Lyndon Johnson, they were double-crossed by Hubert Humphrey, and they were double-crossed by the so-called "choice" in the 1968 election. Now they have been double-crossed by Mr. Nixon, not just by his May Day Eve speech, but virtually since he took office. When they expressed their protest on the war in the October and November Moratoriums with incredible discipline and lack of violence, they were told in advance by the President of the United States that he would pay no attention to them. The Vice President then responded to the peaceful demonstrations with the first of the inflammatory speeches by which he has chosen to make his name a household word. Mr. Agnew called the students much worse than "effete snobs," and suggested that it was time for somebody to clear the rotten apples out of the barrel, all with Mr. Nixon's ongoing *imprimatur.* The day after Mr. Nixon escalated the war, he in turn described the students as "bums," trying to burn up the campuses.

What can students do when their President and Vice President not only ignore them but ridicule them when they try to express their deeply earnest moral convictions? How are students supposed to react when they see their own efforts at protest greeted first with verbal scorn and then with gunfire?

4. The Kent State scene is a symbol of where Mr. Nixon's policy is leading us. It is leading us not only to a wider war abroad but to an uglier war at home, and it is a war that we must now be prepared to describe by the word *repression.* It is an ugly word, but there are

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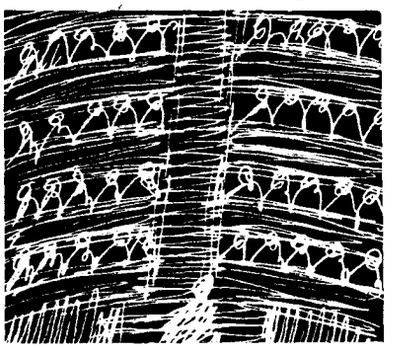
some ugly realities that can only be described by ugly words. If a President wants to ignore the youth of his nation and heap scorn upon them, I suppose that is his privilege. He has availed himself of it. If a President wants to ignore the Congress, and heap scorn upon it, I suppose that is his privilege also, but it is a privilege that says something very disturbing about the man who avails himself of it. Mr. Nixon gives the impression of a man trying very hard to preempt more and more power for himself, even if he is having a hard time getting it. The "get-tough" policies of Mr. Mitchell are a further sign that the Justice Department is not enamored of protecting the right of dissent, and the Anti-Riot Bill gives Mr. Mitchell a virtual blank check with which to destroy dissent.

Is it only because I have been in Europe eight months, and am constantly reminded of how repression grew up here in the '30s, that I feel this way? I think not. I see all the familiar tricks at work in Mr. Agnew's oratory —a surface veneer of sophistication, the use of catch-words and glib phrases, the "overstating" of a point to get attention, an appeal based solely on people's fears, the setting of one group against another, and just enough plausibility on an occasional minor point to persuade people that he should be trusted on all major points. It requires no stretch of the imagination at all to see Mr. Agnew systematically destroying the Bill of Rights in the name of his own particular brand of "Americanism." Huey Long once said, "Sure, we'll have fascism in America some day, but we'll introduce it by calling it democracy." I used to think that was a highly comical statement. No more.

5. Where does all this lead—instant outrage, Washington as the battlefield, justifiable student frustration, signs of repression? Is it too late in the day to suggest that it leads right back to politics? Precisely the moment when many people have given up on the political process, may paradoxically be the last great chance to use the political structures to forestall our Lemming-like rush toward disaster. Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew have constantly appealed to "the silent majority," a political entity that must be defined as those citizens who don't care enough to speak up and do anything. I suggest, in contrast, that there is now a chance, due to Mr. Nixon's gigantic miscalculation, *to channelize the outrage of the "vocal minority."* Political scientists tell us that 10 to 15 percent of the electorate, politically involved, can be the "swing vote." That is what we need just now. There is, right now, enough outraged energy on the American scene to be a political weapon of incalculable effectiveness. We have the numbers, if we could glimpse the vision.

Consider. Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew gave notice many months ago that they would not only ignore the intellectual community but antagonize it. They have done the same thing now with Congress. Perhaps it was politically feasible for them to alienate one of those two constituencies. But it is not nearly so clear that they can alienate them both and still survive politically. And there, it seems to me, lies the exciting challenge of bringing something creative out of this past horrible week. Both youth and Congress are in a mood to act. And if both are in a mood to act, then not only could something be done, but other groups could be persuaded to act as well. (I think particularly of Republicans who voted for Mr. Nixon on the grounds that he would end the war and be a "moderating" influence in bringing the country back together. He has so irretrievably failed on both scores that such Republicans must now translate their sense of betrayal into political terms, i.e. by repudiating the man they supported.) I am suggesting, in other words, that the present moment is a catalyst of political forces sufficient to reverse the collision course with disaster that Mr. Nixon has charted for us.

I believe such action must be based on the assumption that Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew are no longer to be trusted, that their promises cannot be believed, and that their actions must be contained. They will be around until 1972, however, and in the meantime we must find ways to see that the effective government of our country is taken out of their hands and put into the hands



of the Congress. We must do this by mobilizing all the outrage into creative political channels. First, by massive support for every Congressman who has opposed the President, and massive protest against those who support him; second, by a summer devoted to campaigning for every Congressmen who will oppose the Nixon-Agnew line and campaigning against those who support it; and third, by beginning the day after the fall elections to mount a candidate for the presidency in 1972. Beyond the immediate situation, the most disturbing part of the longer-run situation is that there is as yet no clear alternative for 1972. We had better begin to work on that one. If there is to be a coalition of outraged Republicans and Democrats, it had better surface soon. If there is to be a Democratic alternative, he had better step out of the wings quickly and not be named Hubert Humphrey. If there is to be a palace revolution within the Republican party over the Cambodian outrage, it had better begin soon, and the respectable conspirators had better begin to fortify one another in their common

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defense. For what will kill democracy in America will be the lack of a genuine choice.

The students have the summer to work on campaigns, if they can be persuaded that it is still worth trying. They also have the fall, for if there is any real hint that political defeats could be administered at the polls, students by the campus-load will drop out for the fall quarter, or simply spend their time at precinct headquarters. Perhaps in the meantime more universities will follow Princeton's lead and give their students a two-week recess before the elections themselves. There is the manpower here not only to shore up the Congressmen who need support, but also to get some new men into Congress, and to administer such a stunning political defeat to Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew that the resultant Congressional clout can keep them in line until their term of office expires.

If this fails, then I really tremble for the future of our country. For I don't think the younger generation of voters can be persuaded to try a third time. And if anything like this could begin to be mobilized, the Senators had better realize for their part that if they let the country down after the President has let it down, there won't be anything left worth holding up.

THE LONERGAN EXPLOSION

Insight and oversights

MICHAEL NOVAK

I have waited a month before writing about the Lonergan Conference held in St. Leo, Florida, at the beginning of April, because I wanted to reflect on it slowly. An impressive group of scholars (including, as exquisite spice, a poet, a politician and a film-maker) met in varying shifts for over a week. The drink was plentiful; the honeysuckle sweetness of orange blossoms was in the air; the new swimming pool spangled in the sun (while New York endured a blizzard). It was a largely Catholic conference; the earthiness, easy fellowship, lack of posturing were tangible. Priests danced with theologians' wives; sweet little European scholars of world-renown studied conference documents in their dormitory rooms under full-length pictures of Raquel Welch. Kenneth Rexroth and Eugene McCarthy read their poetry—the Senator came into his own, with touching, moving, wholly American lines.

Bernard Lonergan himself, who had for so many years rejected publicity and disciples, seemed at first understandably uneasy, thawed, enjoyed himself, read carefully the foot-high stack of papers, many sharply critical of his work, many admirably executed. It was, without question, the happiest and most serious conference I have attended; even the moroseness of Tom Altizer, who links Lonergan to the Reason Blake called Satan, was delicious.

There were long solid papers examining the relations between Lonergan and Gadamer, Lonergan and Dilthey, and many shorter evocative papers. Around two themes in particular, however, the best papers of the conference seemed to focus: the question of experience and the question of God. (The theory of experience underlies both questions.) Robert Johann wrote one of his best papers, criticizing Lonergan's theory of experience in the light of Dewey (and showing evidence of the unthematized presence in Dewey of Lonergan's "drive to understand"). Schubert Ogden criticized Lonergan's theory of experience in the light of Whitehead. American philosophy, it is plain, makes much more severe demands on the experiential side than the German intellectual context which has deeply—too deeply?—affected Lonergan's intellectual horizon in recent years.

Then, a brace of papers, by Langdon Gilkey, David Tracy and David Burrell, showed how the notorious "chapter nineteen" of *Insight,* on God, depends for its weight on a context and on assumptions which are not there properly supplied. Wags dreamed up headlines for the *Times* like: CHAPTER NINETEEN MISPLACED. The sharp point of this criticism was that language about God arises from contexts of human experience that are hardly yet adverted to in *Insight*, and depends for its plausibility, not to say for its warrantability, on social and symbolic materials far more than the argument of *Insight,* as it stands, is able to support. In *Insight,* human understanding is presented too nakedly, in a context too remote from that of the actual moral and intentional conversions which support, in concrete life, the affirmation of God.

In remarks at the open meetings, Lonergan agreed that the context of chapter nineteen was somewhat adventitious, but he was not as inclined as his critics to perceive its purported weaknesses. To commit oneself to a life of inquiry as scientists, for example, do, he seemed to say, is implicitly to commit oneself to the isomorphism of the real and the intelligible. He was also inclined to take un-

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accustomed refuge in a flight from understanding: "You wouldn't ask a man to justify his love for his wife, would you?" (To which the married men answered: "Of course you would!") His critics find these and the further steps in his argument messier, more problematic, and far less conclusive than he. The discussions of the study group which concentrated on this point were especially fruitful, and seemed to be on the very cutting edge of work on this problem (an estimation further borne out by the quite separate conference on "The Future of Philosophical Theology" held at Chicago Theological Seminary three weeks later).

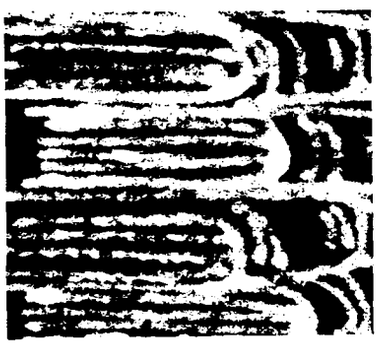
But, in the end, I found the conference disquieting. First, it seems plain that one law of human experience already applies in Lonergan's case as in that of every other major thinker: a conceptualism is growing like fungus over his disciples, no matter how often he and his students say, as do Barth and his students, "to make an -ism of Lonergan is to misunderstand him." In fact, some groups seem determined to protect the canon, its terminology, and its distinctions, and merely to work out their implications. That tendency, although inevitable, should be resisted; but it is probably too late.

More poignant is the fact that Lonergan himself, as he ought to, naturally seems more comfortable with the most "loyal" of his students. Lonergan is an intensely private man and public question periods are often a great trial to him. On this occasion, despite the strain of the week, he seemed to try to meet questions, more than he sometimes manages, by extending himself into new languages, and listening for fresh nuances, rather than by re-interpreting them back into his own "moving viewpoint." Some of those who were among his students before *Insight* appeared—I include myself—had been taught by him to attend to a man's experience, and to his living imagination and intelligence, not exclusively to written or conceptualized words. Words, after all, indispensable and precious, are still but cold, fragmentary signals demanding living interpretation. These later developments teach us to recognize our own mortality, our own fragility.

More subversive of my peace, however, was the growing realization that the battle fought so heroically and so well by Lonergan was, in fact, the battle of the past generation. What was disquieting was an awareness of the need, now, to invent a different and more difficult intellectual strategy.

The conference was a good one; it was real. It brought together in a catalytic way ideas, currents, enthusiasms, criticisms that otherwise might have taken years to trace and to crystallize. And it did make clear the position that Lonergan himself was taking toward the criticism. The controlling images of Lonergan's thought, it turns out, are the classical high culture of the seventeenth-century, the world of Jesuit Catholicism at its height and in its flowering, from which he has been painstakingly breaking his way out; and the moving viewpoint of modern scientific method, powerfully generalized. Lonergan's own instincts run toward economics (in which he once did a thesis) and mathematics; far more than most, he understands the shifting viewpoints and the enormous flexibility and power of modern mathematical possibilities. His weak point has been in the experiential, tangible, even densely imaginative sides of human culture. He has not evinced much interest in those; cinema, poetry, fiction, action seem to bore him. They seem to him less real, less central, less at the heart of things.

To be sure, his more recent explorations into questions of meaning, symbol, and culture open up that further world of experience. He suggested at least twice that his new book was becoming "a philosophy of action." And among major thinkers, except for Americans



like Dewey, he is unparalleled for his emphasis on the sheer *experience* of having insights, reaching concrete judgments, making decisions. Those who miss (like Altizer) the empirical side of his argument miss its single most important feature. He has taken the subjective side of Western thought (Pascal, Blake, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, etc.) and made its power apparent *inside* the inmost citadels of the objective side of Western thought (Aquinas, Leibniz, Kant, Newton, Hume, Russell, etc.). He has given the word "empirical" a subjective meaning, and altered our understanding both of "objectivity" and "subjectivity."

Lonergan opens up fantastic possibilities for exploding modern Western consciousness, and developing a richer, more concrete, various, and non-universal but transcultural intelligence. The intellect he defends is not Blake's red-toothed "Reason," the same for all and manipulative; but the insight penetrating enough to perceive the countless *coincidentia oppositorum* in the depths of human experience, and the judgment astute enough to discriminate what is opposite to what, and how, and precisely where coincident. Not every purported coincidence of opposites is such; some result from laziness, from romanticism, from willful mystification. Not all who speak for chaos and Dionysus speak in authentic voice.

Still, when all is said and done, there is a nagging dissatisfaction. And the nagging doubt: Should one, recording an occasion of honor, raise a discordant voice? Isn't

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fidelity to understanding, however, the fidelity without which all others are inauthentic?

Lonergan, I believe, did not do enough in taking insight and judgment as they occur in mathematics, science, and common sense as the chief models of his thought, and in choosing the images and contexts of modern science as the working horizon of his development. Or, rather, that he has done so is an enormous service; a harder task remains to be done. Insight and judgment are operative in action—in politics and in personal living—even more frequently and more fundamentally than in science. Insight and judgment thematized in the context of science cast too thin a profile. The "eros of understanding" understood in that light is too limited an eros. It is deficient, not merely practically, but as *theory*.

As I imagine it (and, indeed, in minor exchanges have experienced it), the response to such criticism by those who defend Lonergan's thought would be: "But, Michael, you are an activist; you are concerned with communications; you are something of an apostle." Such an objection does not stand. Lonergan's theory (so far) is deficient precisely as a theory. It purports to give an understanding of understanding, and it fails. It fails because it takes too slender a slice of understanding, and tries to understand all other forms of understanding through that lens.

The result is distortion. The debate may be put more centrally than that. Ineluctably, an understanding of understanding must take some one act, or some few acts, of understanding as its initial base. What one gains in clarity by choosing mathematics and science as one's base, one loses in complexity, richness, and verisimilitude. One suggests, however unwillingly, that human affairs allow more light than they do. The theory does not provide a good model for the horizon of daily human understanding, and not even for the horizon of theoretical, highly thematized understanding that is directed toward culture, politics, and personal history.

I don't subscribe to the device of paradigms; I don't wish to argue that the intelligence present in action (political and personal) is paradigmatic for human understanding, whereas the intelligence present in scientific and common-sense judgments about objects are not paradigmatic. I do want to argue that the intelligence present in action is far more central to the whole human enterprise, and that when we thoroughly understand what it is to understand *when we are acting*, we will be much closer to an understanding of understanding than Lonergan has yet brought us.

Lonergan has not been much interested in that thick, dense band of human life which we call experience, passion, action. He is fascinated by the workings of theoretical intelligence. The paradox is that a theoretical understanding of practical intelligence is a better entrance into a theoretical understanding of theoretical intelligence than the way Lonergan has chosen. Like Lonergan, a man may believe that insights come painfully, one by one, and that only gradually does an accumulation of them enable him to move to a "higher viewpoint" which both relates the insights and enables him to move beyond them. Unlike him, a man may choose to work out his steps toward systematic work in the public eye, in short and concrete settings.

Nor should the reason for such a choice go unstated. Suppose that one's consuming interest is a theory of wisdom-in-action, of which the understanding exhibited in theory-making is one sub-section. The priorities in such a theory would, therefore, be different from Lonergan's. The strategy for one's living would consequently also be different: to place oneself in environments in which participation in action, political and personal, are part of the living tissue of one's intelligence. Such a theoretician should not, on that account, be called an activist, for his interest is theoretical, not practical. He is wagering that an understanding of understanding in the context of action is a better understanding than an understanding of understanding in the context of science. And he is wagering that such an understanding gives us a better base for building a method in philosophy and in theology, and for bringing to light the human, moral criteria which investigation in the physical and human sciences must meet in order to gain our approval.

In this light, one could see Lonergan's immense achievement so far as having closed a seven-century gap in Catholic thought. He has given Catholic theology both scientific and historical consciousness. But he has so far left the collaborative task at a new half-way house —has not yet carried theology to an adequate political consciousness, nor to an adequate theoretical understanding of action and experience: and these are the toughest theoretical issues, the most central to human life, the most pervasive in human living, the most crucial for human survival. They establish the possibilities, the context, the morality, the fruitfulness of theorizing at all.

THE END

THE SCREEN

If it's appropriate to describe, as the radio ads do, a recent film about a cute unwed mother (something called *Jenny*) as a movie you'd like to hug, then *End of the Road* (Allied Artists) should probably be described as a movie you'd like to step on. It's a repellent little film—a confusion of effects and intentions, in a strenuously modish style—a clear failure, and close in some ways to being a contemptible one. Nevertheless it does linger in the mind. Not an effect hard to explain if I think of scenes in which we watch the inmate of an asylum, a hairy, bare-assed man, copulating with a chicken. Or the

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climactic episode in which the heroine, in the midst of a protracted and bloody abortion, chokes to death on her own (technicolored) vomit.

The film and its makers are critical of, even worried about the American obsession with violence. But far from pandering to that obsession in the usual profitable ways, Aram Avakian, the director—like Arthur Penn and Sam Peckinpah before him—conceives of himself as "exorcising" it. "The film," he says, "is a ritual, an exorcism of fear, hate, and desperation. I hope it does some good." It didn't in my case. Nor, I think, in the case of the very young, hip audience I saw it with, which sent up a kind of continuous, knowing snicker through all the horrors. Instead I came out of the theater with the usual feelings that serious "now" movies give me—glad that it was over, vaguely glad even of things like still being able to walk—out into the nightmare streets and sights of New York, a little more numbed, a little more catatonic maybe, than when I went in. But this familiar after-the-movie condition is exactly like something the film itself diagnoses as a major disease of American life, the emotional paralysis induced in the hero Jacob Horner by the horrors of that life. The problem is that one of the growing horrors (though admittedly a negligible one) of my American life is assaults from the movie screen precisely like this one. And I really don't think that's what Avakian could mean by "exorcism."

After all it's easy to be sickening. And even easier if you're convinced—as so many people with cameras apparently are—that it's Important to be so. One of the reasons, I think, that the New York reviewers savaged *End of the Road* with such glee was that its opening here was accompanied by so many self-important announcements. Even last summer before the film was finished, *Life* magazine was threatening us with it (okay America, are you ready for this?), in an article where even the actors gave Testimony, though of a sort that made the whole thing sound as if it were being made at Esalen.

All this turns out to be slightly unfair to the movie, I think: at least it's a somewhat more respectable effort than some films that have been widely praised. For one thing, just as an approach to an audience, I prefer its method of frontal assault to the slimy mawkishness of something like *Midnight Cowboy*. And as a statement on violence—or indeed on anything else— it is a good deal more interesting than the oafish, clubfooted work of Mr. Peckinpah, the DeMille of the blood-letters, in *The Wild Bunch*.

It's interesting, for example, that the kind of helpless sickened feeling that this film as a whole induces turns out to seem surprisingly appropriate to the newsreels of Nixon and the astronauts with which it closes—rather irrelevantly. But the pretentiousness, even the *chutzpah*, of this closing are just what, for me, give the film its

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—Majority Decision of the National Advisory Committee on Selective Service

"MUST THE CITIZEN ever for a moment resign his conscience to the State? Why then has God given to every man a conscience?"

—Henry David Thoreau

THE PRESENT DRAFT LAW provides for a C.O. status for the person who is against *all* wars. On the other hand, a man who is prepared to fight in a just war is not permitted to follow his conscience if he considers a specific war unjust. Hence, many sincere young men who are opposed to the Vietnam War and who are not absolute pacifists have been confronted with a torturous decision: prison or exile.

On February 13, 1970, Judge Alphonso Zirpoli of the U.S. Northern District Court of California dropped the indictment against James Francis McFadden, a Catholic who based his decision on the Church's teaching on the just war ethic and on conscience. Zirpoli ruled that McFadden should not be coerced to participate in a war that he judged immoral. The government has appealed Zirpoli's decision; the case is now before the U.S. Supreme Court.

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interest. Similarly at the beginning the hero's paralysis in a railway station is "explained" by a photo-montage covering American history from Hiroshima to Hue, from Truman to Nixon. The connection between such large public events and the small personal horror story that, drawing from the novel, the film tells, is mostly merely asserted, and so never altogether works. That it works at all—and I think it does to an extent—is a measure not so much of the movie's achievement as of the degree to which in the last ten years or so public horrors have become for almost every one of us personal ones. Just as, for an obvious example, the loss (evoked more than once in the film itself) of figures like Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy entered, for many people at the time, the same order of ordinary, unacceptable reality as the loss of friends or family. But the film exploits this fact of our lives more than explores it.

Finally the most striking talent Avakian's film shows is for something like inspired wound-probing. But the total effect of this is not exactly—or even conceivably—energizing. And those silent-majority Americans, presumably without wounds to be probed, can hardly be expected to see this film or to sit through it if they do. I think Avakian had just better forget his hope that it will "do some good" and be content with the profits and fame, whatever he gets of them.

We can be sure, I think, that no such hope troubled the hand or heart of John Barth as he wrote his novel. One of those pitiless exposures of the absolute meaninglessness of human character and aspiration, the book is a brilliant and harrowing achievement, and unlike the film a clear success. Though it is surely one of the sadder ironies of our literary culture that it fits us so well finally to read—or to write—such a book, with all its richly elaborated ennui, mean-mindedness and self-disgust.

The movie, although following the book closely, simplifies it and is therefore less disturbing in a directly personal way. Almost all of the film's dialogue is Barth's, but the long complicated arguments about role-playing and value systems that account for so much of the novel's power to harrow have no equivalent in the film. Attempted equivalents, I suppose, are the stylization of the performances—which are mostly successful (especially Harris Yulin's)—and the passages of fancy camerawork —which are mostly not (though in its plainer passages it's one of the best photographed films I've seen lately, with Gordon Willis' use of color film as unselfconsciously expressive at times as the most skillful black-and-white). But in another sense the movie complicates the book by attempting to extend it beyond its self-enclosed, mostly personal emphases. The asylum in the film, for example, becomes a developed metaphor for American life and culture, in which, according to the "doctor" in charge, the alternative to self-protecting paralysis is doing your thing—and that as we see is invariably something either regressive and perverse (the chicken man, a man pretending to be a dog, a crucified "ballerina") or violent (a rooftop assassin, various forms and types of rape). One of the troubles with all this is that it too evidently shows the dread hand of Terry Southern (co-writer and co-producer). And it's the wrong hand for the film's pretensions. There are after all some things that are hard to blame on Richard Nixon or Vietnam—and Mr. Southern's peculiar problems (cf. *Candy* or *The Loved One*) are among them.

But ultimately, I think, the problem in the film is neither Southern's nor Avakian's but Barth's. The attempt to find a larger relevance—a kind of social or political use—for the self-enclosed, self-defeating sensibility that the book so successfully, even definitely embodies was probably foredoomed to the failure the film is. But since that sensibility in our culture is still so controlling, an infection of which we are all to some extent victims and carriers, any attempt to find a "use" for it probably deserves at least some notice.

JAMES HARVEY

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JOHN J. KEENAN

SWEEP SECOND MOVEMENT

Second hand on a second-hand watch—
My father's legacy to flesh and blood—
Sweeping circles closed in crystal,
Stuttering silently past the hours,
The days, the weeks, the months, the years,
In you I watch my face and know
The circumference of my life.

● ● ● ● ● ● ●

MARTHA JABLONSKI

FIAT

The grapes begin.
Late winter's sun
reminds the vine,
lies light on the papyral skin. . .

Now.
Winds warm,
cold cores ungnarl;
cells open ways. . .

Who could believe
that first-fruit leaf:
pink as a petal,
smaller than one,
pink as a shell's
mouth, as a dawn. . .

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BOOKS

Modern man and the ancient faiths

The Encounter

MALACHI MARTIN

Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $10.

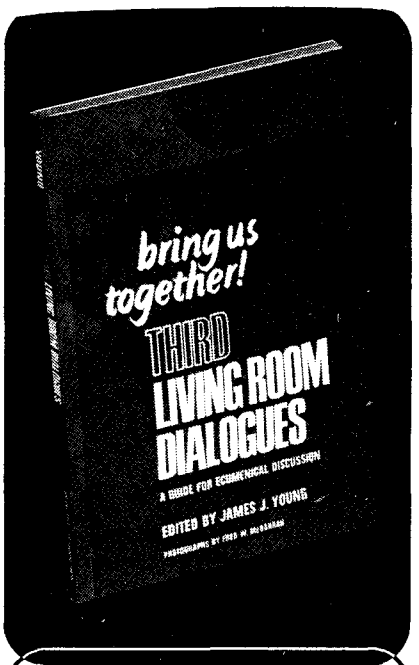
EUGENE FONTINELL

This book will probably be read by most people as the work of a secular humanist recently separated from one of the traditional religions. (Malachi Martin is a former Jesuit priest who in 1964 wrote *The Pilgrim* under the pseudonym, Michael Serafian.) As such, we have in the first section a readable and sophisticated presentation of the early "priceless moments" of Judaism, Christianity and Islam coupled with imaginative "scenarios" describing alternate and better routes which each of these religions might have taken. Martin then proceeds to describe how the pure vision of the founders of each religion was quickly polluted and distorted by the visions of their disciples. Thus, today, "men only notice that the religious visions of the past have been used to justify the degradation of man, the acquisition of territories, the division of an entire globe, the enchainment of minds, ..." etc. etc. etc.

After detailing at great length the various forms of religious dominance within which each religion couched its absolutistic, exclusivistic and intolerant claims, the inevitable conclusion is drawn: "It is abundantly clear that these three religions are finished as major influences. . . . Their day is done." Religion has failed and no longer has anything to offer "modern man." Now this is an eminently respectable position undoubtedly held by most reflective men in the West at this time. It is hardly novel, however, having been "in the air" since the Enlightenment.

There is another dimension to Martin's work, however—one which will appear to many as an unexpurgated residue of his earlier faith. I refer to his repeated insistence that each of the three religions under consideration was born from a "primordial religious experience." Further, this "experience itself is ineffable," "a mystery probably will always shroud it," for it "cannot adequately be clothed in thought or language, (it) can only be lived." Finally, Martin warns against trying to account for these experiences and the events which immediately followed through "modern theories of group psychology," "the statistical lore of the anthropologist," or "our modern sociological explanations." It is significant that all these assertions are made in the first part of the book, for when Martin goes on to argue the incompatibility of religion and "modern man," the distinctness and reality of "religious experience" are nowhere in evidence.

Martin shows himself a knowledgeable historian of religion when he is describing the origins and early development of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. His credentials are somewhat suspect, however, where he attempts to show why "modern man" rejects these religions. To begin with, Martin's description of "modern man" is most unsatisfactory. Surprisingly, while noting that "human nature" is "merely an intellectual plaything," he tends to speak of "modern man" as if he were an actual entity. There can, of course, be no objection to this term as a conceptual construct formed to heighten our awareness of certain traits and tendencies which differentiate men in the twentieth century from those of an earlier time. Even viewed in this manner, however, Martin's "modern man" is deficient. There is the flavor of an outmoded positivism in the assertion that "Western man's sociology is completely value-free" and the contention that this man "is intent on encountering himself in the raw, not through the colored glasses of ancient mythologies or modern ideological presuppositions."



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More disappointing than Martin's inadequate description of "modern man" is his failure to make clear whether he believes Judaism, Christianity and Islam are unqualifiedly finished or whether they are finished unless they make some radical changes. These religions have failed, the author maintains, "because they have failed to do the one thing they promised to do, explain man to man." The crucial question, however, is whether their failure as explanatory or metaphysical systems dooms them to extinction. The answer to this question depends on whether or not the "living faith" of these religions is to be identified with the historical and cultural thought and institutional patterns in which they are expressed. There are passages which suggest that Martin does not believe that such an identification is absolute. Again, however, his signals are confusing, for he seems to place these religions in a "double bind" situation.

For example, "exclusivity" and "dominance" are said to be essential traits of each of these religions. If they surrender them they lose their identity and reason for being; yet if they retain them they will be rejected by an increasing number of men and eventually be confined to the dust-bin of history. This is akin to suggesting that man cannot survive if he continues to act as he has acted in the past and is acting in the present, but that if he changes he ceases to be man. There is, of course, a view, held by a variety of thinkers, which denies that man's development is absolutely delimited by what he has been or is. Is it not possible that the same kind of radical development claimed for man is a possibility for the various religions—particularly if they are viewed as living communities rather than as bodies of abstract doctrines? There are indications throughout *The Encounter* that Martin would affirm such a possibility. It is regrettable, therefore, that he did not delineate those resources which the traditional religions possess not only for their own survival but more importantly for the continuing development of the human spirit.

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Justice

RICHARD HARRIS

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The Fear of Crime

RICHARD HARRIS

Frederick A. Praeger, $1.75

JEAN B. ELSHTAIN

Taken together, Richard Harris' carefully documented books are chilling proof of the manner in which liberty in America is being sacrificed to demands for order. Harris is a reporter for *The New Yorker* with a reputation for courage and thoroughness. The first and shorter work, *The Fear of Crime*, is not so much about crime as what a perceived fear of crime leads to in the political and legal arena. Specifically, he recounts in grim detail the passage of the Omnibus Crime Bill of 1968, one of the most pernicious pieces of legislation of recent times which could help to serve as a partial framework for a police state. The Omnibus Crime Bill was a response to the fear of crime.

President Johnson, early in 1968, determined that some kind of action against "crime in the streets" was necessary. FBI statistics gloomily forecast a soaring upward trend in the crime rate. (Actually nobody can say with any certainty whether crime is really increasing or not, and if so, how much.) Harris points out that using the FBI's figures, only ¼ of 1 percent of the 200 million people in the country could anticipate being victims of any violent crime. Fear, however, is rarely based on fact.

Public hysteria about "crime in the streets" burgeoned. The Supreme Court, because of its decisions in several landmark cases, including the Mallory, Escobedo, Gideon, Wade, and Miranda decisions had done much to safeguard the rights of defendants—to give the poor the same protection the wealthy enjoyed. Vigorous enforcement of these decisions began with Attorney General Robert Kennedy in 1961, and continued under Nicolas Katzenbach and Ramsey Clark.

Police departments reacted to the Supreme Court decisions predictably; police, their friends and supporters, all asserted that the Court had made it "impossible" for the police to do their work. The image of innocents molested on their way to home, school and church led many to conclude that the Court not only coddled criminals and perverts, but it positively delighted in turning them loose upon the unsuspecting American people who were left with nothing (except maybe the Right Guard) to defend themselves.

The Omnibus Crime Bill, in effect, overturned the Supreme Court's decisions in the Miranda, Mallory and Wade cases, and provided powers for wire-tapping and bugging which were so broad that any investigative agency or law enforcement official who determined that an emergency involving national security or organized crime existed could tap or bug whoever he thought might be involved for 48 hours without ever getting near a judge. 1968 also saw the passage of a rider attached

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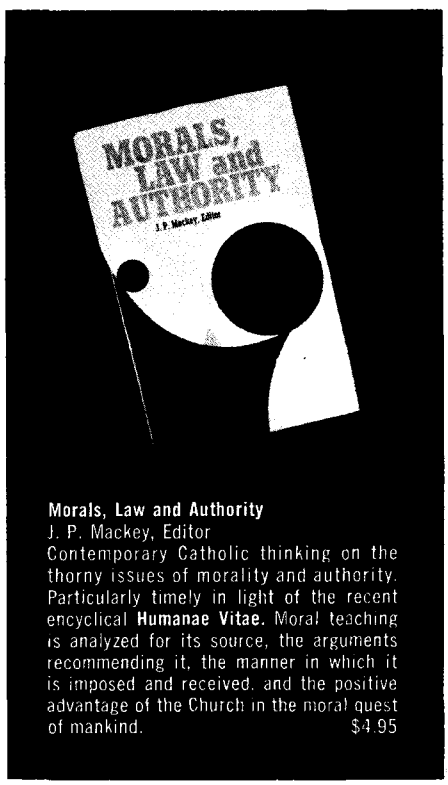
to the Civil Rights Act which made it a crime to cross state lines with an "intent" to incite to riot, with a riot defined as a "public disturbance involving acts of violence by assemblages of three or more persons." The stage was set for John Mitchell.

Justice is Harris' meticulous analysis of the operations of the Justice Department under Ramsey Clark (Harris' hero), and the first year of John Mitchell. Harris opens with the 1968 Presidential campaign, and candidate Richard Nixon's pledge: "If we are to restore order and respect for law in this country, there's one place we're going to begin: We're going to have a new Attorney General of the United States of America." The statement isn't quite as ingenuous as it may seem. Of course, every incoming President appoints his own cabinet. But, to Harris, Nixon's campaign promise implied that Nixon believed the task of controlling crime, which constitutionally and historically has been subsumed under the police powers of the states, would increasingly come under the aegis of the federal government.

The subject of Nixon's intemperate attacks, Ramsey Clark, held forth stalwartly in his enforcement of civil rights legislation and desegregation guide-lines, the fight against organized crime, and his resistance to indiscriminate demands for wire-tapping and bugging and a "get-tough" approach with student dissenters, black militants and anti-war protestors. (The Justice Department's indictment of Spock and others was one regrettable lapse.) Harris finds it admirable that Clark refused to popularize himself—that he kept the office and the administration of the Justice Department "above" or removed from political considerations.

One could, however, make the case that Clark was too reticent about responding to attacks, and that he should have done more to popularize the philosophy of justice he espoused even if that meant publicity for himself. Public officials, as W. Carey McWilliams has pointed out, have a responsibility to educate the public on what they are doing or attempting to do. No public official is above politics, for politics by definition involves power and authority. In this sense, the Justice Department is more interwoven with politics and political relationships than perhaps any other branch of government, for justice is inseparable from politics. Ramsey Clark, because of his rather rarified notions about removing the administration of justice from politics, failed in a portion of his responsibility.

There is no doubt of Clark's effectiveness as a law enforcer. Clark believed the Justice Department should make assistance and advice available to local law enforcement agencies. He favored upgrading the qualifications and salaries of policemen, and broadening their training. He helped to set up the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration which provides funds to states to set up programs for recruitment and training of policemen, reorganization of police departments, and modernization of police equipment. Unfortunately, the LEAA under Mitchell has turned into



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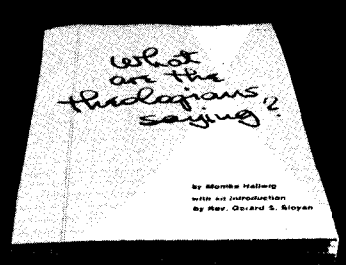

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a nightmare. Nixon and Mitchell approved a "block grant" approach to LEAA which means, in effect, that states and local police departments get money to use any way they want. (Clark favored strict federal guidelines as to how money was to be spent, after carefully detailed programs were submitted to the federal government by the states.)

Harris quotes Clark as stating that the law could be a debacle for it might enable local areas to stockpile arms and weapons with federal monies and then, at the first sign of civil "disorder" place this equipment in the hands of trigger-happy and underprepared policemen. Clark's presentiment of disaster, as it turns out, was well justified. In February, Mississippi police conducted one of the largest mass arrests in the nation's history (of 894 black students who were non-violently agitating for student power demands) with support, direction, and guidance from the United States Justice Department. Those involved from the federal government were LEAA officers. (The incident was reported in detail in *The Village Voice*, April 2, 1970.)

One wonders, if Clark foresaw how the law could be utilized in the hands of repressively minded officials, why he advocated the LEAA in the first place. It is a shortcoming of liberals that they often fail, until it is too late, to see how pieces of legislation designed to serve the ends of a liberal philosophy of justice can, in the wrong hands, become instruments of repression.

What Harris really objects to and recounts in horrific detail is the illiberal "politicizing" of the Justice Department under Mitchell, and the role the Justice Department is playing in Nixon's own Thurmondorian reaction. The Department's treatment of civil rights legislation, its highly publicized and notoriously ineffective acts of idiocy like Operation Intercept, its indictment of the Chicago Seven, and its benign opaqueness as local police murder Black Panthers, are part, says Harris, of "the most managed revision of American political alliances in our time or any other." If this is an overstatement, it isn't much of a one. Nixon's silent Americans are seen as the new Republican majority, and this majority does not object to such notions as preventive detention, or unrestricted wiretapping and bugging by the American government upon its own citizens. (The Mitchell wiretapping doctrine was accepted by Judge Hoffman at Chicago.)

At the same time as the Justice Department was indicting political activists for crossing state lines with a notion in their heads, Mitchell would not file suit against police and other officials who gassed, maced and shot students in the fight for People's Park. That, apparently, was a local matter despite the fact that depriving citizens of the exercise of their civil rights was at stake. The power of the federal government is a most elastic instrument in Mitchell's hands; he stretches or restricts it as he sees fit to serve his own notion of justice. As that astute observer of the political scene, Martha Mitchell, might put it, the government must be tough or all those "liberal communists" will get us yet. Richard Harris concludes *Justice* on an appropriately pessimistic note:

> Since it is the majority's fear—fear of black men, fear of crime, fear of disorder, fear even of differences—that allows repression to flourish, those who succumb to their fears are as responsible as those who make political use of them. And in the end both will suffer equally. "For they have town the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."

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JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

Harper and Row, $5

H. R. WOLF

Only someone fascinated by, if not obsessed with, youth could have written as savage and inaccurate an attack upon youth culture as John W. Aldridge's *In the Country of the Young* (first published in "Harper's"). Professor Aldridge's moral and aesthetic fixation on one historical moment of youthful experiment—the generation of writers who "prevailed in this country from roughly the beginning of the First World War to the middle of the '30s"—alone can explain this almost Swiftian caricature of youth, especially university students.

Because *In the Country of the Young* alludes to T. S. Eliot in several ways—to the contemporary "dissociation of sensibility," to the lack of an "objective correlative" for youth's rebellion against civilized values—it may not be unfair to paraphrase Eliot on James and say that Professor Aldridge's essay is so finely written (as indeed it is, with Augustan sharpness and clarity) that it remains unviolated by an idea seriously explored.

The central thesis of the essay, framed in neo-Ciceronian reversals and antitheses, sets the "kitsch-drek" suburban culture of post-World War II America against the contemporary "narcosis of psychedelics," "escape into

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hippyism," "free enterprise sex," and "activist confrontations" (the world of the parents and *their* children) and finds them equally materialistic, technologically vapid, and scornful of the "social and aesthetic basis for a truly civilized society."

The link in this equation is the parental permissiveness of those who "coming out of the war with long deferred ambitions to live our lives. . . settled down, began at once to breed, as if to prove we were still alive, and then proceeded to let our children do our living for us." Reared by parents who promised instant gratification to their children as a reflection of their own relationship with a highway and commodity culture, these alleged children discovered variant, but equivalent, forms of banality and then pushed them to a punishing degree.

> To understand these confusions of attitude, we need to see them in the perspective of our national history as well as the specific history of the postwar period. If we consider first the question of the relative indifference of the young to the cultural environment or their almost exclusively quantitative and materialistic approach to the problems of society, I think it is obvious that both originate in the physical and psychological atmosphere that prevailed in this country in the fifties and early sixties. These years saw the rise on a mass scale of the kitsch-and-drek culture of the population explosion, as well as the emergence of a society committed to a belief in its ultimate perfectibility. The young were therefore brought up in an environment which, to preserve their sanity, they had to learn not to see, and in a moral climate in which it seemed that material measures could always be taken to eradicate material difficulties.

In a book bereft of *any* reference to an adolescent psychologist (Erikson? Kenniston?), sociologist (Friedenberg?), political theorist (Marcuse?), or a *single* reference to any statement, literary or political, by a young person (Tom Hayden? Bob Dylan?), we should not be surprised that premises and inferences have an unholy alliance. If one element is visible about this generation, it is that they did *not*: "learn not to see."

Professor Aldridge claims that youth shows only slight awareness of the littered no man's land in which they will be obliged to go on living aesthetically underpriveleged lives; but who, one asks, has made Ecology a household word and Gary Snyder a campus hero? Who, if not this *blind* generation, is Marshall McLuhan crediting with a rediscovery of man's capacity to see? Who, but this generation, has discarded Hollywood myopia (early on, Professor Aldridge compares the beauty of Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman with the hirsute barbarism of youth) for *cinema verité* and the documentary?

Professor Aldridge would doubtless reject this media–zation of experience as a valid alternative to a literary culture even if he granted that his premise about *seeing* were wrong, but this is the cross-roads where the issue must be fought out by some analysis other than mere negation. No one could deny that this generation has rejected the primary of print-culture, or that they can be contemptous of the Tradition, or that the pleasure principle is upheld in simplistic terms; but the force behind the rejection, even if sometimes misguided, arises in the name of man, in the interests of his survival, his fulfillment.

Unless a tentative and theoretical distinction can be made between Classicism as Civilization (referring to a particular Hellenistic line of thought and historical permutation) and a *new* Humanism as Civilization (referring to all the humanistic tendencies in life and education, an anthropological

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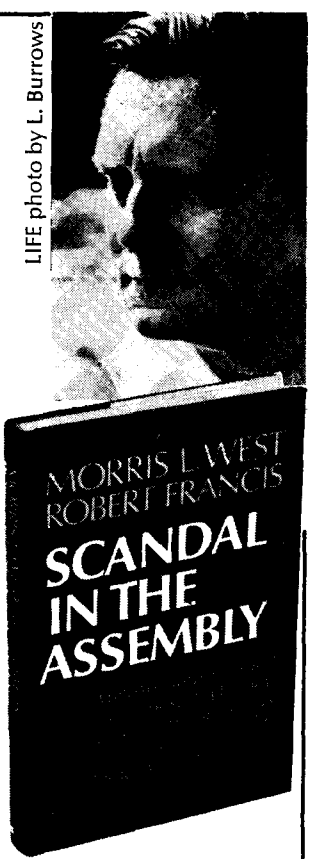

MORROW

REVIEWERS

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renaissance—from Eslen to the commune movement)—unless this distinction is made, defenders of Civilization, like Professor Aldridge, will be forced to set up a false opposition between culture and nihilism, where the meaningful distinction should be between those on the side of life and art and those on the side of death. Must we choose between pre-Columbian Mexico and Athens? Between Gilbert Murray and Levi-Strauss?

If Professor Aldridge could make this distinction, he would not have written a book which does not mention Hiroshima, Chicago, the cops or Selective Service; which does not allude to the Cold War or Blacks; which does not recognize the attempt to re-sacramentalize experience through rock-ritual; which does not deal with the important sacred texts—Laing's *Politics of Experience*, Brown's *Life Against Death*, Whitman, the *I Ching*, *The Teachings of Don Juan*—or the radical pedagogy, in A. S. Neill, Holt and others.

Beneath hair and within astrological systems can be found, if one looks and *sees*, a youthful dynamism which, given its sometimes egregious parody of holiness and righteousness, may bear, in fact, an evolutionary imprint, a redirection of the species towards survival—a psychological, spiritual, moral and aesthetic moon-shot!

Professor Aldridge, as his title suggests, is a traveller from another country, a country I, for one, love (the world of *belles lettres* and clear light); but he has allowed himself, like another traveller, to be gulled. Where he thought he was writing cultural criticism, he was, instead, writing a generational autobiography and elegy. In that way, it is moving. His passionate intensity should be respected, but he should travel more—second-class and tourist.

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 259)

do their Ebionite forebears. Those fearful of the human component fall into the Docetic trap. We need a new stewardship of the Roman symbol and the Chalcedonian formula in the dialog with these age-old distortions. Father Michael Meilach in his discerning commentary on *Humiliation and Celebration* (*The Cord* and *Salesian Studies*) is sensitive to that kind of challenge. Power to those who pursue the contemporary application of the Loyola paradox.

GABRIEL FACKRE
Professor of Theology & Culture,
The Lancaster Theological Seminary

Reply

Notre Dame, Ind.

There are several fruitless ways of answering a critic, to all of which I am sorry to see Mr. Fackre descend. One is to accuse the critic of emotional blindness. Thus, I "saw red," when he "criticized the use of the 'mother' image," in ecclesiology. Another, is to accuse the critic of religious bias and to bring in the outdated Protestant-Catholic division. Thus, he is a "Protestant" and I am a "Catholic." Another is a twofold misdirected thrust. Thus, I am made to say that his attempt to come to terms with man's coming of age is "too much secularized" and his "guess is that Augustine and Bernard of Clairvaux scratched their heads over that one too." This is simply incoherent. Who is seeing red? the critic or the author?

I believe that I was on the whole sympathetic to the endeavor of the author whose book I reviewed. We are all groping with a number of uncertainties in this difficult theological task to rethink the living of the Christian faith in our day. Under the circumstances scholars must be willing to accept criticism and to profit from it. Mr. Fackre admits that he was *struggling* and that his attempts were sometimes *awkward*. If then he is too much attached to his

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own point of view, he has reached a dead-end, so far as theological progress is concerned.

Space does not allow an adequate give-and-take on the points raised in the book. To be brief. I personally am no more set on the value of the father or mother image than is the author. Images of this kind in theology are always defective and deceptive. Second, as to the "love of God for his own sake," I would suggest that the author go back to the mystics and read them more thoroughly. Can there exist such a love unless there is a concomitant realization of God's goodness to me? I read the book carefully and ended up with uncertainty about what "God" means to the author. If, as he seems to say, "God" is not even a companion in this life, but someone waiting on ahead at the end of the journey, is there any place for prayer or worship in the *Celebration?* ALBERT L. SCHLITZER

Human Solidarity

Collegeville, Minn.

To the Editors: Over the Easter weekend an earthquake of major proportions shattered the cool spring life of Western Turkey, leaving in its path of destruction more than a thousand dead. From 1967 to 69 I lived and worked as a Peace Corps Volunteer in a town just north of where this earthquake struck. While I was there our town (Yenisehir) was repeatedly shaken by earthquakes and tremors. The windows and doors of our houses could not shut properly because with each tremor the houses shifted and tilted. People in Yenisehir often spoke of the day when these poorly constructed mud-brick houses with heavy tile roofs would be replaced by cement block buildings that wouldn't come crashing down with the slightest earth tremor. But it was painfully clear to me that such a simple but necessary improvement in their living conditions was years, possibly decades, away. These people have not the money nor the means. Neither does their province government; neither does the federal government of Turkey. In short, the people of Yenisehir—the people of Turkey and of all the developing countries—are dependent upon the understanding and good will of other people and other nations which have been granted an abundance of goods.

I hope that a country such as ours will one day realize what it could do for the social and economic development of mankind. Will there ever exist among the American people such a sense of human solidarity, such a climate of Christian or humane awareness of our oneness with all people that will permit our government to initiate creative and truly effective programs of assistance to the developing countries? Our present foreign aid program is tied to the military and economic interests of America abroad. This is not assistance. Such a program does not merit the name "Foreign Aid." Perhaps we can expect nothing better from the U.S. government. Her Congress and President are elected by a nation of people who see their involvement in international affairs only in terms of what America has to gain by such involvement.

People in certain developing countries believe they can receive economic assistance from the U.S. only if they play the role of obedient schoolboys in the international classroom—vote against the admission of the Peoples' Republic of China into the United Nations, allow the continued though unnecessary presence of American troops on their soil, keep the number of anti-American demonstrations to a minimum. I suspect they may be right. I do know that this is the desire of too many super-patriots in this country—Americans whose social consciousness cannot reach beyond county boundaries, much less national borders; Americans who stand secure in their "good strong Catholic faith," but a faith which seems almost a contradiction of Christian teaching (Pope Paul VI, *On the Development of Peoples*; Vatican Council II's document on "The Church in the Modern World," and 1 Jn. 3:17).

In the past week I received four letters from Turkish students and friends —all written before the disastrous earthquake. I hope I might hear from them again. BERNARD EVANS

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Commonweal's Impact

How could a person go about measuring the extent of *Commonweal*'s influence? The starting point would obviously be our nationwide circulation, another, the number of molders of public opinion who are regular subscribers. Then there would be the thousands of public and college libraries where the journal is available—which greatly expands our articulate audience of individual subscribers. Still another yardstick would be the frequency with which the magazine is quoted in other periodicals.

For example, a summary of Father Sloyan's article on the Liturgy in our March 27 issue went out over the NCWC News Service to diocesan papers all over the country. Or again, Religious News Service sent out to its extensive clientele of magazines and newspapers detailed accounts both of our issue on Torture in Brazil and of our May 1st symposium on Change in the Church. *The New Yorker*'s feature article on the Fathers Berrigan by Francine du Plessix Gray not surprisingly cited *Commonweal* several times.

Doubtless even more significant than anything so far mentioned is the fact that a number of the magazine's articles attain greater permanence by inclusion in volumes brought out by the nation's leading book publishers. This would suggest that many *Commonweal* articles are anything but ephemeral. Here are a few examples from some recent publications:

In Heyer and Gatti's *The Aware Person in Today's Church* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston): Bernard Haering's "The Encyclical Crisis," and Neil P. Hurley's "TV Culture and the Third World."

The Religious Situation 1969 (Beacon Press) included "The Priesthood and Revolution" by Herbert McCabe.

In the *Hawthorn Encyclopedia:* Bernard Haering's "The Encyclical Crisis" and James T. Burtchaell's "Human Life and Human Love."

Andrew M. Scott's *Politics USA* (Macmillan) contains "Confession and the Court" by Isidore Silver.

In Thomas Rose's *Violence in America* (Random): John Lukacs' "America's Problem is not Violence but Savagery."

Rall and Snyder's *Structures in Composition* (Scott Foresman) includes "Morality in Government," by Eugene J. McCarthy.

Edward J. Dirksmayer's *Readings in the Theology of the Church* (Prentice-Hall) contains "Schism of Consciousness" by Rosemary Ruether.

The Challenge and the Promise by Cox, Koberna and Nassif (John Wiley & Sons) includes Ernest Garvey's "A Substitute for Welfare."

In Emil Hurtick's *Rhetoric Reader* (Lippincott): "Missing the Yellow Submarine," by Celia Hubbard.

Security in a World of Change by Farnsworth and Gray (Wadsworth) contains "Does the U.S. Exploit the Developing Nations?" by David S. French.

In Theodore M. Gross: *Representative Man: Cult Heroes of Our Time* (Free Press-Macmillan) Herbert W. Richardson's "Martin Luther King: Unsung Theologian."

Such an account can hardly leave out the publication of the first three *Commonweal Papers* in book form. The special issues, "God," "Jesus" and the "Holy Spirit" are brought together in a single volume edited by Daniel Callahan (Herder and Herder, of our street address): $8.50 hard cover and $3.95 in paperback form. This volume in a somewhat abbreviated version has recently been published in England as well (Geoffrey Chapman, 18 High Street, Wimbledon, London, SW19). The British edition retails for two guineas ($5.88). According to its royal purple book jacket: "For copyright reasons this edition is not for sale in the U.S.A."

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